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# The Journey



36 1 3

## Chapter 1 by The Author

Darkness covered every inch of the forest, only the moon shone through the dark leaves with its beautiful silver light.

The cold winds blew through the trees shaking their branches giving them an insidious appearance. The trees seem to have eyes as you can feel something in the dark watching at all times. However on this particularly dark and cold night, a boy had been sent to the forest. This boy's name was Ben, Ben half-son. A strange name for itself, this is his story, This is the story of how one boy shook the foundations of the world.

The darkness of the forest surrounded me cruel and cold, just like those villagers that forced me to come here.

Apparently I had to roam this godforsaken wood at the age of sixteen and somehow miraculously find a 'mentor' who would teach me how to survive. How in the twelve damned citadels was I supposed to find a mythical being in the middle of the night?

I sighed, this was all because I didn't have any known parents or relatives. They said that they had found me on the doorsteps of the church of the 12 gods the day after the sun had darkened. I suppose that's the reason why they sent me on this ritual journey.

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I, however, blame the 'seer' of my village he spouted some nonsense about me changing the village's fate and the next thing you know here I am.

How long have I been walking for? The darkness of the forest seems to focus on a point in front of me. I can hear someone's voice on the wind it sounds strangely familiar.

"I am the thirteenth one you can call me the stranger or if you prefer- Father"

## Chapter 2 by Amour



**\*Feel free to interpret the story however please make an effort when writing a draft I put some effort myself. Peace\***

Thirteen? That doesn't sound good. I ignore the voice and keep on walking. Later, I hear the same voice again.

"Son, you cannot avoid me forever. I can help you."

I stop. I search the forest for the source of the voice but it's too dark.

"Who is there?"

Silence.

I gulped.

"Well, if you want to help me, then why don't you show yourself?"

Silence.

I strain to listen for any response but nothing. I walk again.

After a few steps, a gust of wind tousled my hair. It made me turn around. I see a glow in the rhododendrons. It looks like a vacuum, sucking the air in.

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Then white burst through

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It threw me off of my feet and I land with a thud on the bushes. I squint, willing my eyes to adjust to the sudden light.

Then I heard the voice again.

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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